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the actor's dressing-room was crowded with men who came to see the wonderful bronze. . . . There was a general exclamation of admiration at such a fine and valuable object. However, if one of the actresses wanted to enter, Sciaskin had to call through the door:

"You cannot come in just now, madame. I am not yet dressed!"

After the performance the embarrassed actor said to his companions:

"Where on earth can I put the thing! I live in furnished rooms. . . . Ladies often come to see me. . . . What shall I do with it?"

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the barber, who was present at the scene, "sell it. I know a woman who buys antique bronzes. I will give you her address."

The actor followed the barber's advice.

Two days afterward, Doctor Koscelkow was sitting in his office, meditating upon diseases of the spleen, when he heard somebody opening the door and saw Sascia Smirnof rush into the room. The boy held a package in his hands. He was radiant.

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, his voice tremulous with joy. "Imagine my happiness! By a lucky chance we were able to find the second candlestick, the twin to yours. . . . My mother is so glad. I am her only son; you saved my life, and . . ."

And Sascia, his hands shaking with emotion, placed the candlestick once more before Doctor Koscelkow. . . .

The physician opened his mouth, tried to speak, but was unable to utter a word. . . . Fright and astonishment seemed to have deprived him of the power. . . .

By ANTON TCHEKOF.

From Flegrea, Naples.

(Translation, Lotus Magazine.)

THE SUBSCRIBING OF LETTERS

RESPECT, courtesy, tenderness are all shown in a collection of subscriptions to letters of from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries which I have before me.

All those who love the past and delight in its savor will enjoy a glance at these varied forms which an autograph-hunter has had the notion to collect. In reading them one has an idea of the personality of those who wrote them; a little of themselves remains; a little of their time may be divined.

The very old forms always contain an invocation for heavenly protection. Then people believed, people prayed, and did not conceal the fact as if it were a weakness.

Hear our Kings:

"Praying God Monsieur de Matignon to have you in his holy and sacred keeping,

"Your good friend,
"HENRY."

From Henry IV.

"I beg you to be more than ever careful of your person; for me I remain very well, and I assure you of the continuation of my affection, and I will pray the Good God with all my heart that he will have you in his holy keeping.
"LOUIS."

That one was from Louis XIII. From one generation to another the change makes itself felt. The period has become broader. In conscience could one

ask of the poor and valiant Béarnais, who won his battles possessed of but two shirts and three handkerchiefs, to assume a flowery style!

A little emphatic in his respect is the ending of a letter from Louis XV to the queen dowager of Spain.

"And now, let us pray God that he will hold you, very noble, very excellent, and very powerful Princesse, our very dear and well beloved sister, in his holy and divine keeping. "LOUIS."

During the Revolution, a changed point of view! It was necessary, under penalty of death, to make a parade of republican loyalty, and to give proof of patriotism. For fear of appearing linked to the past, people abolished all forms of polite address. Formalities rivalled each other in dryness and brevity. Every one employed the word "Salutation."

"Salutation and fraternity."

"Salutation, respect, and fraternity."

"Salutation and esteem."

The princes of Orléans "embraced" each other frequently. During the monarchy of July the example of the family virtues shone from the Tuileries. The Queen Marie Amelie, writing to the King, did not try to disguise her affection under the stiff forms of fine phrases.

"Adieu my well-beloved. I await with impatience news from Lisieux; I love thee and I embrace thee with all the tenderness of my heart."

The young princes conclude with the same utterances of natural affection.

"Adieu, dear Mamma. I embrace you with all my heart.

"Your entirely devoted Son,

"ANTOINE D'ORLÉANS."

"Adieu, dear Mamma. Tolone (the Duke of Montpensier) embraces you

with all his heart, and so do I. My best wishes to Chartres.

"Your Respectful Son,

"D'AUMALE."

There is indeed the simplicity dear to the French! Neither King, nor Queen, nor Princes in the endings of these letters. Only a mother and her children; only a household tenderly united!

Among the autographs of celebrated women I select at random:

"Receive the assurance of the kindly sentiments which you inspire so well, and with which I am penetrated."

From Madame Vigée-Lebrun to Madame Aimé Martin.

"Receive at least my sincere best wishes, and if you sometimes write to Paris, remember that I am interested, and shall always be interested in whatever concerns you, "DE STAËL."

From Madame de Staël to Lamarque.

"Receive, Monsieur le Duc, the frank and sincere assurance of my respectful gratitude, and of my eternal attachment.

"Salutation and entire esteem,

"THÉRÈSE CABARRUS TALLIEN."

This letter was written on the 28 Vendémiaire, Year IV, in the thick of the Revolution. The inevitable "Salutation," of which we spoke before, is there, in its right place, but without setting aside for it a friendly courtesy, which it would doubtless have much displeased the future Princess de Chimay to neglect. This proves that a woman of wit always knows how to extricate herself from a difficulty. Let us note it in passing.

MME. KLOBB.

From *Carnet Rose, Paris.*

(Translation, Lotus Magazine.)